

A Page of World-Wide Interest From Lands Across the Seas

HOOSIER AUTHOR IS CALLED GRAND DUKE

Booth Tarkington and His Wife Have Much Fun and Get a Reputation for Riches While Journeying to Rome—
Beggar Thinks the Writer Must Be Crazy.

Special Foreign Service.

LONDON, Jan. 23.—Mr. and Mrs. Booth Tarkington, who have been staying at the Hotel Quisiana, Capri, for some little time, are now about to journey to Rome, where they will be stationed at the Palace hotel. At Capri the American writer and his wife were known as the "grand duke and duchess" because they never questioned the first prices that were asked them for anything they wished to buy, no matter how exorbitant and outrageous were these first prices. The general custom in Capri is to ask ridiculously high prices and to come down gradually to a business basis. What still further impressed the people of Capri with the importance of their "grand duke and duchess" was that when attending a native wedding Mrs. Tarkington, suddenly realizing that she had no present with her for the bride, unclasped a pearl necklace from her neck and presented it to the bride. This thrifty lady was overwhelmed with joy at the American's tribute, and it was not long before she was at the local jeweler's at Capri, having the gift valued. To Mr. and Mrs. Tarkington's intense amusement it was priced by this authority at 10,000 francs. The bride is envied of all her friends, whilst the giver and a few friends are enjoying a joke, for having left her jewelry in America, Mrs. Tarkington bought a few imitation things in England to wear until she got back. The price she paid for the pearl necklace in London was just \$5.

It was via Paris that Booth Tarkington went to Capri and one day when strolling through the Paris streets the novelist was accosted by an old beggar who asked for alms. Mr. Tarkington looked at the fellow for a moment, then dropped a louis into his hands. The beggar was thunderstruck at the receipt of so much money and, while the donor looked on amused, kept passing it from one hand to another to make sure it was real. Then Tarkington in exuberant French tried to explain, and finally taking hold of the bewildered old man, dragged him off to a neighboring florist's, where he decorated him with choice orchids. All this time the beggar had been absently speechless, but finding himself garlanded with costly flowers, he became affrighted, gazing alternately at Tarkington, the glittering gold in his hand and at his floral decorations, and clutching the florist by the arm, he whispered, "Tell me, is he crazy, or am I?"

Jean Gerardy, the famous cellist, is the latest notable addition to Edna May's long list of fervent admirers. I hear that the impressionable young musician has given to the fair American actress a rare old violin of beautiful quality and tone, which cost him \$2,000, and has also paid for six months' cello lessons for her, being fondly convinced that she has other and greater musical gifts than her voice. Jewels from an Indian princess and some valuable emeralds from another titled personage were among her other Christmas gifts from this lucky Syracuse girl's circle.

My Brussels correspondent writes that the Prince of Looz-Corswaregh has just been arrested in Brussels for swindling operations in Paris. Retired tradespeople and upper servants with good savings were his principal victims, he having succeeded in wringing from them about \$150,000 as nearly as the police can estimate. The prince's title and his luxurious style of living, as well as the promise of generous old age pensions from a fortune of the Humbert kind, were the bait that lured the victims to ruin. In 1890, when still in the divorce court, his highness made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Bloomfield, a rich American widow, whose fortune he coveted, and he became engaged to her. Her American shrewdness, however, enabled her to discover the state of affairs and she declined "a crown with the point wore off" and a damaged reputation.

At Ghent the prince picked up at one of the clubs, a young American, the son of a retired Chicago merchant who had died in Paris in 1888, leaving his better half a handsome fortune. The prince made the acquaintance of the lady through her son and laid siege to her hand and money bags; but she too, escaped him.

He then went to Nice, where he pretended he was about to marry the widow of Prince Troubetzkoy-Davidoff. To keep his credit quiet he had to invent various pretexts to account for the postponement of the wedding. His matrimonial adventures are for the time cut short, as he is now safely under lock and key in St. Gilles prison, Brussels.

The United States minister to Belgium and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend were among the special guests invited by Sir Constantine Phipps, the English minister to Belgium, to the farewell dinner given to the papal nuncio, Mgr. Granito del Biondo. At this Brussels dinner the various ministers of different countries were all present with their wives. Mme. Gomez Brando was also present with her sister, Mrs. Barton, and considerable interest centered round the former lady as Sir Constantine Phipps seized the occasion to present her as his fiancée, to whom he will be married at Nice on Jan. 29. She is the widow of a resident of Rio Janeiro, where Sir Constantine was formerly British minister, and is doubtless well known to Americans who have stayed there. She

is young and very charming, with lovely fair hair. She has one little boy. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stone, of Cambridge, Mass., have been spending the holidays at Wilton's hotel, Brussels, whither they went from Paris expressly to spend the festive season in the company of Councillor Ehrlich, of Chicago. Mrs. Ehrlich and their son Carr, who is studying at Cambridge. Mrs. Stone, who has been some little time in Europe for the education of her young daughters, Margaret and Amy, is looking very well, and the two young girls, who have just turned their hair up, have won all hearts with their frank American manners and charming dancing.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred H. Munro, of Providence, have been staying in London, and have now gone to Oxford, where Mr. Munro, who is professor of European history at Brown university, Providence, is spending some time in study. Mrs. Munro will be returning in a month, when the professor, who is taking a "Sabbatical year," will cross the English channel for a short sojourn in some of the French cathedral towns. Thence he will go south for a month in Spain, planning to be back again in Providence before next September. Prof. Munro is mapping out his home-ward journey to America by way of Egypt, India, Burma, Ceylon, China, the Philippines, Japan and the Hawaiian Islands.

Jack Gage Stark, of Kansas City, is in Paris, living in the Latin Quarter, the midst of American and French artists. Mr. Stark is now engaged in making a series of drawing of the old castles of France, treating them in an excellent and decorative manner. He has also marked literary ambitions, and for the purpose of collecting material for a group of "Cow Puncher" stories which he is now about to write, he worked as a cowboy last summer, both in Old and New Mexico, at the same time making color sketches which are to be reproduced in connection with the book of stories. When on the Atlantic last September Mr. Stark renewed his acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Booth Tarkington, who were crossing to England by the same steamer.

Gustav von Schlegel, of Minneapolis, who is working hard at his studio in the Latin Quarter of Paris, has been reproducing such good work that the master artists of France are predicting for him a brilliant future. Some of these paintings are to be exhibited in the spring. Mr. Schlegel is still studying under Delecluse. Before going to Paris he studied art in Munich, having started out from the United States with his friend, Cushman R. Prester, of Worcester, Mass., who has since been called to New York to decorate several large hotels.

Mrs. Robert Welles and Miss Evelyn Hustad, of Pittsburg, have arrived in

GOUTTS' BANK HAS STRANGE HISTORY

King Edward's Banker Has Obscure Home.

LONDON, Jan. 23.—Although "Goutts' Bank" is one of the oldest, most famous and most important treasure houses in the world, it is rather doubtful if its coming disappearance from the site in London which it has occupied for over a hundred years will be noticed to any extent by the general public here. Probably there are few folk in the metropolis who have not heard of "Goutts" where the king and the chief noblemen and great folk of this realm have their private banking accounts and whose story is so romantic a one, but it is equally probable that not one Londoner in fifty knows where "Goutts" is. The venerable institution from which the richest woman in England—Baroness Coutts—draws her income, stands, of course, right in the heart of London's busiest street, the Strand, but it is no wonder that the vast majority of the folk who pass it every day hardly notice the place at all.

Few exterior could be less indicative of greatness, to say nothing of wealth, than that of "Goutts' Bank." There it stands, a low building of brick and smoke-begrimed granite, with a high, rusty iron fence in front of it, broken only by a small, narrow doorway, and without so much as a brass knocker to indicate that this is not some old museum or some unimportant department of the government. Certainly no one would suppose that inside lay the duke's of the English royal family, or that

family plate, the most valuable portions of which are likely as not to be in the bank's strong rooms. The story of the Coutts themselves is a romantic one, from Thomas Coutts, the advisor of prime ministers and treasurer of princes, who finally electrified London by marrying his housemaid, to the elderly baroness of our day, who caused quite as great a stir not so many years ago by taking as

sensation was all the greater when he married his housemaid, Elizabeth Sturkey, who is described as a "blooming young rustic, remarkable for cleanliness, industry and good humor." However, the match resulted happily, and the couple had three children, girls who were destined to make great matches in after years. One of them became the wife of Francis Burdett, M. P. (this was the mother of the present Baroness



The Hon. Gwendolen Constable-Maxwell, Who is About to Become the Premier Duchess of England.

Burdett - Coutts), the second married the Earl of Guildford, and the third was united to the first Marquis of Bute. Thomas Coutts' pretty wife did not live long, however, and a few years after her death the banker again disappointed the match - making mamma of Mayfair by marrying a handsome actress at Drury Lane, Harriet Mellon. It was for her that Coutts bought the famous property, Holly Lodge, at Hampstead, where the Baroness Burdett - Coutts now lives, at a cost of \$125,000, and he practically bade her plunge her fingers in his well-filled coffers, a performance from which she evidently did not shrink. It is said that during the first year of their married life the second Mrs. Coutts spent \$200,000, but a good deal of this went in charities, among those whom the former actress helped being her former comrade, Edmund Kean. At his death Coutts left his wife \$4,500,000, which she, in turn, willed to the present Baroness Burdett - Coutts, who took her grandfather's name when she inherited his vast fortune, and became a partner in Coutts' bank.

The baroness, of course, does not

At any rate, the announcement that the premier duke of England is to be married in February to his young cousin, the Honorable Gwendolen Constable-Maxwell, sets at rest much uneasiness on the part of British society—especially those of the Roman Catholic faith. The bride-to-be was born in exactly the year—1877—in which the duke was married to his first wife, who died ten years afterward. Her mother was the duke's first cousin, and her father, Lord Herries, came of a Scottish line almost as old as that of the duke himself, and connected with him by several ties of marriage.

The match is of royal interest, even across the Atlantic, for it means that a gentle, religious and somewhat retiring girl will jump from a minor place in the upper circle of British society to the highest hereditary rank next to royalty. Even the Duchess of Marl-

borough, of which the most notable feature is Norfolk house, the great town residence of the duke. The mansion has been practically closed ever since the death of the first duchess, sixteen years ago, and has come to look somewhat gloomy and dingy. But now it is to take on new life and color, and is expected to become one of the most brilliant social centers in London. Its proprietor stage-managed the coronation, the most brilliant social function of our time, just as his ancestors for some hundreds of years before him had arranged for all previous coronations—an hereditary right with the Norfolks. With such experience and such social rank the duke can be depended upon to make up for his long retirement from society with some entertainments that are likely to be memorable. Norfolk house is almost as historic as Arundel castle. It was in this house that the chief author of the American Revolution, George III, was born, in 1738, his parents having been turned out of St. James palace by George II. Many a page of history has been made within its walls.

The histories of the two great Roman Catholic families which are about to be united have touched at many interesting points in centuries past, especially at the great battle of Flodden Field, which the second duke of Norfolk won and in which the second Lord Herries, ancestor of the future duchess, was killed while fighting under Norfolk. The first duke died fighting for Richard III. at Bosworth; the third was beheaded by Henry VIII; and the fourth was beheaded at the Tower of London for communication with Mary, Queen of Scots; and his eldest son died a prisoner in the Tower in 1595.

The present duke, who celebrated his fifty-seventh birthday a fortnight ago, would have kept up the warlike traditions of his family if he could have had a chance. He was postmaster general of England when war was declared in the Transvaal, and in spite of the protests of his friends and lack of enthusiasm on the part of the war office, there was nothing to do but that he must resign and go to the front to show his patriotism. Dukes are not greatly wanted in the firing line, and although the Norfolk courage and sincerity was undoubted, his grace was persuaded after a time to return home.

I suppose there isn't in all England today a more comfortable, easy going and unostentatious peer than the present representative of all the Norfolk glories. His habit of going about in a sack coat and slouch hat, with his long black whiskers flying, has led to many an amusing mistake on the part of folk who didn't know him.

There are stories of tourists who have encountered him roaming about the grounds of Arundel castle and have offered him tips for small courtesies extended, and there is a well authenticated account of his being turned away from the door of an institution for the poor on one occasion when it had been announced that the Duke of Norfolk would be present to distribute certain prizes. The doorman told a somewhat disheveled man who had eluded his way through the crowd to the door that he ought to know they did not distribute relief to the poor on a day like that. "I quite understand," said the man, "but you do distribute prizes, and I have come down to distribute them for you."

On another occasion when the duke was heading a distinguished party on a pilgrimage to the Vatican he was mistaken by a tourist on the platform for one of Cook's men and commanded to look after the luggage. As she was much flustered and in need of assistance, the duke politely carried her bag for her, to the vast relief of his titled escort, and it is doubtful if that tourist knows to this day why it was that her porter refused a tip.

The bride-to-be is one of the few women in England who will succeed to a title of her own, as the Scotch barony of Herries will descend to her after her father's death. It is a proud old line, and it is almost a pity that the title doubtless will be absorbed eventually in the long list of Norfolk titles. The duke is already earl of Arundel, Earl of Surrey two or three barons and half a dozen other things.

—Marshall Lord.

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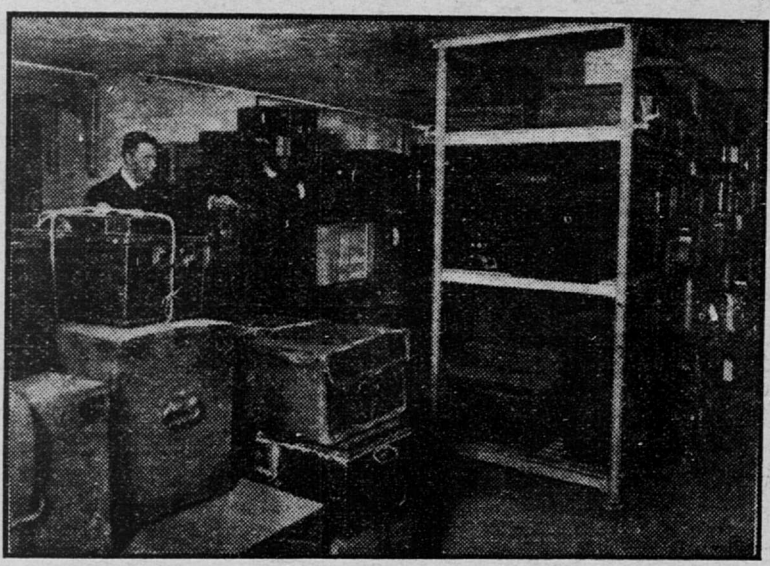
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CURES THE DRINK HABIT

THE FAMOUS "STRONG ROOM" UNDER COUTTS' BANK.

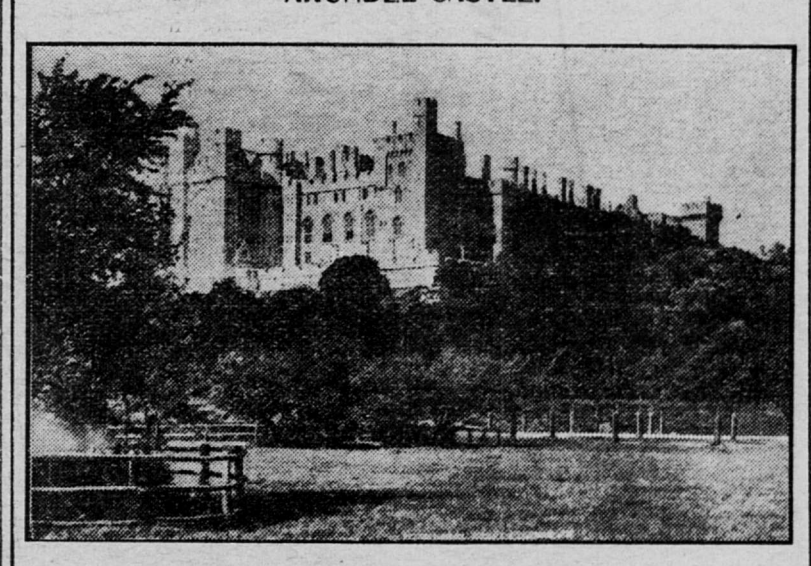


Where the Fortunes of so Many of the Greatest English Families, and of Several of the Crowned Heads of Europe, Are Kept.

husband an American of less than half her own age. The Coutts had been bankers for years in Scotland, since 1630, to be exact, before Thomas Coutts and his brother James came to London in 1780 and opened a branch of the old business here. The latter died before long, however.

Endeavored Thomas Coutts' vast wealth must have helped him a lot in building up a business, but he must have been a "hustler" with it all, for he had gathered a royal and noble clientele about him in practically 20 years. Here is a little story of him that shows what a keen man of affairs he was: One night he gave a dinner to a lot of titled folk, and in the course of the evening someone present told how a certain nobleman had applied that day to the bank of which he was manager for a loan of \$150,000 and had been refused. The host made no comment, but after his guests had left he called a cab, drove to the nobleman's house and left his card, with the request that the titled one call upon him next morning. The noble did so, when Mr. Coutts told him that he would be pleased to advance him the \$150,000 he needed. "And what security do you require?" asked the surprised peer. "Merely your lordship's L. O. V.," replied the banker. The nobleman took the money and gave his signature, and the speculation proved a good one from Coutts' point of view, for not long after

ARUNDEL CASTLE.



Famous Old Pile Which Is the Seat of the Dukes of Norfolk.

name of Arundel, the family who made it their seat for nearly 250 years. In 1580 it came into the Howard family, of which the present Duke of Norfolk—the fifteenth of his line—is the head, and although some additions have been made, much of the ancient pile still stands. The Norman keep, rising to a sheer height of 150 feet, probably could not withstand the sieges it did in the twelfth and sixteenth centuries, but the old walls are good for many years yet. In 1791 a Gothic edifice was built around the mediaeval tower, and this contains most of the living rooms in use today.

You can get everything from picturesque ruin to luxurious comfort within the walls of Arundel, the duke having recently restored, with a careful hand, some portions of the castle to make it more habitable for the poor crippled boy who was the heir to all the Norfolk wealth and glory, and whose infirmities kept him practically a prisoner in this splendid palace until death came to his release last year.

Everything that a father's love could devise, or that the wealth of one of the richest nobles in England could buy was done to save the boy. When he was a child his mother, the first duchess, even took him to Lourdes to see if the sacred shrine would not perform the miracle that medicine had failed in. The story goes that as they were approaching the place a party of peasants celebrating the cure of one of their number passed the duchess on their way back from the shrine, chanting: "He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent away empty." The duchess turned sadly to her companions and said: "That is our answer, for we are the rich. There will be no miracle for us."

The boy was the only child of the duke, and unless the new duchess provides an heir the title and vast estates will pass to Lord Edmund Talbot, a younger brother of the present duke.

After the marriage we shall probably see a marked change in the soldierly

THE LAST GLIMPSE OF THE OLD COUTTS' BANK, ON THE STRAND IN LONDON



A Historic Structure Which Is About to Be Torn Down.

the remote carriages which drive up to the dingy entrances were those of dukes, marquises and earls, come either to make deposits or draw, or perhaps to give orders regarding their

ward the peer deposited in Coutts' bank a sum equal to \$1,000,000. Before long Thomas Coutts was generally considered about the most eligible bachelor in London, and so the

need to be introduced to American readers. The famous woman is not only the richest, but one of the noblest in England; she will be ninety in a few months.

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Searching for Leprosy Cases.

"Government officials in our country who are employed to look out for leprosy cases certainly earn their money, for they are constantly going to the most remote places in the islands," said Louis T. Percival, of Honolulu at the Shoreham. The penalty for the disease is banishment to the leper settlement at Molokai, and so great is the dread of this enforced separation from home and kindred that people in the first stages of the disease will secrete for months rather than give them over to the officials. I know of a man who was hidden in a cave near his home for three years before he was found out.

"All suspects are taken to the central station in Honolulu and examined by a board of medical experts. If the verdict is that the one examined has the disease no sort of influence, no social or political pull, no considerations of wealth or power can keep the patient from joining the ranks of the leper colony. It is only by such ironclad rules that the whole population is insured freedom from the spread of the disease."—Washington Post.